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**INDIANAPOLIS LEADER.
CINCINNATI NEWS.**

Indianapolis Leader.
The Cincinnati patrons of the Leader are respectfully notified that Mr. B. Lewis has stopped delivering the Leader, and it is now distributed by the following well-known and responsible gentlemen:

Messrs. Willis J. Ross, Walnut Hill and North Court street; Benjamin Werles, East End; George Bartlett, West and South Cincinnati; Albert Johnson, West of Baymiller.

The Leader hereafter shall be delivered in time for breakfast, and positively for dinner. Persons desirous of having it brought every Saturday early will make arrangements with any of the following Leader agents: Messrs. Ross, Werles, Bartlett and Johnson, and it will be promptly and surely delivered. Give in your orders at once.

HACK'S HAPPY HITS.

Waiter's Union Banquet.
Wuebler's Hall on Freeman street is rapidly becoming the favorite resort of colored people for balls and parties, and on Tuesday evening last was the scene of a magnificent banquet, given under the auspices of the Waiter's Union, a society recently organized by the young colored men employees at the hotels of this city. The object of this society is beneficial, being to protect the members when in affliction, to take care of those who are ill and to bury those who die. The officers of this Union are as follows: J. M. Lawrence, of the Grand Hotel, Pres't, J. W. Lindsay, of the Emory, vice pres't, J. Augustus, of the Grand, treasurer, and A. J. Riggs corresponding of the Ohio Falls Express, secretary. The committee of arrangements for the banquet were Messrs. J. Thompson, L. Overton, C. Love, R. Lewis, J. W. Butler, T. H. Gillyer, E. J. Harrison, C. Graves, E.

Faulkner, B. Fountain and W. M. Hargraves. The toastmaster of the evening, B. J. Harrison. The members of this Union are J. Augustus, J. W. Butler, Thomas Gilis, G. W. Hamilton, A. J. Riggs, Richard Taylor, W. H. Henderson, J. B. Britton, Frank Taylor, M. McClure, B. J. Harris, Augustus Halley, James Wilson, Richard Cook, James Darnell, Ed Adams, C. W. Parkham, Fred Adams, C. H. Graves, W. M. Johnson, Ed Brown, Alfred Price, B. Fountain, G. Reed, Charles Fennell, Wm. Halman, Henry Schofield, John Baker, Billy White, Martin Tadlock, John Lindsay, Sam'l Taylor, Sam'l Bledsaw, Richard Faulkner, Robt. Wright, Wm. Hargraves, Jerry Johnson, N. H. Wallace, L. Mitchell, James French, Robt. Saunders, Warren Stith, J. M. Lawrence, C. D. Thonington, Edmund Bank, Henry Ash, Henry Dickens, Frank Edmundson, Wm. St. John, Dudley Clark, John Thomas, Noah Chase, Frank Black, A. Peterson, Lem Ross, John Bald, Robt. Carter, Silas Frazier, Mate Johnson, Wm. Bantley, Anderson Mason, Benjamin Subit, C. Clark, M. C. Clifton, Charles Plumb and Lewis Overton. Among the invited guests we noted William Copland, Louis Lewis of the Bulletin, Henry Forte of the Leader and Bulletin, William Smith of the Ohio Falls Express, and Hack reporter of the Gazette, Enquirer, and Mr. Ed Betty of the Commercial were present and were highly pleased with what they saw. At about 10 o'clock the members and guests marched to the music of Prof. Hamilton's orchestra and took their seats. The table consisted of a hollow square with seats for one hundred. At the head of the table in the center sat J. M. Lawrence, president of the Union. At his right sat vice president Lindsay, secretary Riggs and Hack. At his left sat treasurer Augustus, toastmaster Harrison and Henry Forte. On each side of the tables extending down the full length of the hall sat the other members of the Union and the guests. The

gotten up by A. J. Riggs, and printed on elegant cards consisted of sherry, stewed oysters a la Americain, saddle roasts, fried chicken, carnegie au la imperial, salad de valais a la Mayonnaise, champagne, fruit assorties, Neapolitan ice cream, a la macedoine, cafe noir, cigars.

This elegant and sumptuous menu was served by that popular and well known caterer, Mr. Wm. Fossett and assistants. We need hardly say that these delicacies were disposed of. And amid happy conversations, jolly interchanging of jokes, and great pleasure and enjoyment beaming from the countenances of all, the tables were put out of sight and the time came for the toast of the evening. A programme of the toasts and other exercises was printed on the menu card, and the exercises proved both instructive and highly entertaining.

President Lawrence introduced the exercises by stating in a few brief and appropriate words the object of the meeting. He stated that the purpose of the Union was to protect the friends, heal the sick and bury the dead. The purpose was not to promote strife, nor to keep up a certain standard of waters, but simply and decidedly its purpose was beneficial. The Union was not a Union League, but a benevolent institution. He stated that this banquet was given in order to organize the Union, and it was his hope that a standard of water would be set by those present were favorable to the founding of the Waiter's Union. (A standing vote was had, and the Waiter's Union was favored unanimously.) President Lawrence then claimed this to be from that time forward the Waiter's Union of Cincinnati, amid hearty cheers and applause. The next toast was "Union and Unity," responded to as follows, by A. J. Riggs, Esq., of the Grand Hotel:

Mr. President, gentlemen of the Waiter's Union—it is with sentiments of the most profound thankfulness, heartfelt elation of lasting gratitude that I return thanks to you for the honor that you have conferred upon me this evening. Words are inadequate to express to you the sentiments of my heart, that I feel and that you know. I have been called upon by the President to perform an honorable duty, that of responding to two toasts, which are not only grand and sublime in their conception, but beautiful and interesting in their intricate mysteries of union and unity. The question arises, what are union and unity? I would answer by saying they are that kind of sincere friendship which ought to be conspicuous in every man's bosom, and they should be closely allied to the divine attributes, that he who enjoys one shall add to the desire of the other. Let it be said as we grow more enlightened and progressive that it is our aim so firmly to cement our Union together that the rising generation may be the recipients of its blessing. Let the foundation of this Union be laid upon the rocks of eternal verities, the permanency of God and brotherhood of man. (Applause.) Let the golden rule guide our actions. A rule that will instill into the hearts of men the sentiments of love, mercy and justice. If we keep the principles of this Union before us, and we shall find that we are rapidly and peacefully and gently toward its destination. So may this Union, though at times it may be in a sea of trouble, yet let us determine not to desert the ship, but remain on hand and on duty, until having surmounted all difficulties, the permanency of this Union shall be above conjecture. Gentlemen, I have here the flag of our country. It is the emblem of peace and "with malice toward none and charity for all" its enduring folds spread over the heads of the rich and the poor, all races and all men. Search Europe and Asia and nowhere can such an emblem of equality, justice and right to all mankind be found. It is our National ensign pure and simple, yet dear to all of us; for where there is unity there is strength. Let us, therefore, let us lay aside all prejudices and lend a willing hand toward building up this Waiter's Union which has started under such auspicious circumstances. Gentlemen, I thank you. (Long and hearty applause.) Mr. Austin Thomas followed with a response to "Waiters from Abroad." Then came Mr. J. W. Lindsay, who handled in an able and scholarly manner the topic of "Progress of the Colored Race." In his address Mr. Lindsay showed that he had a thorough understanding of the subject, and his delivery was indeed excellent. Mr. Alex Peterson responded to the toast "Waiters of Cincinnati" in place of H. H. Wallace. Mr. J. Augustus delivered a fine address entitled "Remarks on Education," and was frequently applauded. Mr. Charles Davis spoke

eloquently of "Talent and Tact." Mr. James Johnson spoke feelingly and well of the "Love of Mother." Mr. G. W. Hamilton came next with a response to the "Ladies." Mr. Hamilton discussed this topic like a hero, and the address was one of the most pleasing and interesting of the evening. We quote a few extracts from Mr. Hamilton's address:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—The sentiment to which I am called upon to respond is one which should have been allotted to some gentleman who has a flow of eloquence or one who knows how to "embrace an opportunity." Yet, Mr. President, you having seen proper to call upon me, I cannot go behind your judgment, for no time does man let an opportunity pass to speak just as well as he can of the gentler sex. To us they are the angels of comfort in this life, and may we, one and all, wish that their wings may never be clipped, but that they may grow and strengthen until at the end of our journey here below, they may be strong enough to soar aloft and pass us as dead-ends into the "sweet by and by." Now, if this could be brought about, I am certain that all present would give in a hearty amen! Woman was not taken from man's foot that she should be beneath him, nor from his head that she should be over him, but from his side that she should be equal to him; from under his arm that she should protect him, and from next his heart that she should be beloved by him. To all old bachelors, should there be any present, I quote the words of the chap that didn't get the mitten:

I'll keep 'em where'er I rove,
It was my pride and joy to win 'em,
But when they came to look at 'em
Oh lady, let 'em hang by 'em!

Mr. Dudley Clark entertained those present with a Dutch dialect song, which took immensely. Messrs. Thomas Williams and Wallace Davis sang in a very entertaining and pleasing style. The "Colored Press" was now toasted and responded to by Hack and Messrs. Forte and Lewis of the Bulletin. Mr. Wm. Copeland made a few remarks, after which Lang Stone was sung and all left at about 12 a. m. for their homes. All in all this was indeed a grand and very creditable affair. The sight of so many good looking and well dressed young colored men seated around the tables was a sight to behold. The banquet was excellent and nothing occurred to mar the joyful and happy festivities of the evening. The purpose of the Union is not only benevolent but also noble, and it is to be hoped that the members will not allow their interest to weaken, but that they will, by continual exertions, place the Waiter's Union at the head of all similar societies in this city. We wish the Waiter's Union success.

COLORED CITIZENS' MEMORIAL CLUB MEETING.

The Summer Memorial Club, an organization of colored citizens, held its first annual meeting in the Union Baptist Church last night. The club, whose name indicates its purpose, is organized to honor the memory of the colored citizens who died in the late war.

President—Leonidas H. Wilson.
1st Vice President—George W. Hayes.
2nd Vice President—James E. Goggins.
Recording Secretary—Prof. Charles W. Bell.
Corresponding Secretary—Samuel J. Lewis.

Treasurer—John M. Lewis.
Board of Directors—
Herbert A. Clark, Theodore Hackley, John S. Nesbit, Phil J. Ferguson, Chas. T. C. Gardner, Wm. H. Henderson. The interior of the church had been draped and decorated for the occasion. A grape vine from the gallery and draped the chandeliers. The pulpit was wrapped with the National banner, and back of it, against the wall, on a white field surrounded by evergreens, were Summer's well-known words, among the last he uttered, "Do not let my Civil Rights Bill fail."

Printed programmes had been arranged for the occasion, but the absence of some of those names were down as participants occasioned several changes. The meeting was opened with a brief prayer by Rev. Dr. Marshall W. Taylor. At the conclusion, Prof. Fountain J. Lewis, Jr., gave a voluntary on the organ, followed by vocal music by the choir. Mr. L. H. Wilson made a few introductory remarks, stating the object for which the club had been organized, and the purpose of the evening. He introduced the orator of the evening, Rev. Ben. W. Arnett, D.D., who at once began a somewhat lengthy, but interesting and eloquent memorial address, eulogizing in the warmest words the character and services of the dead Senator.

He told of his early life, his studies abroad, and followed his public career from its inception to its termination by death. His remarks were full of facts, and the speaker's frankness and out into other subjects, eulogizing John Brown, Henry Wilson and General N. P. Banks. His speech was full of thought, bright sayings, solid information and valuable advice. Splendid letters were read from Wendell Phillips, Governor Foster, Senator Edmunds, Hon. Ben. Butterworth, and James Munroe Trotter, of Boston, for which we have only space this week to print the letter of Wendell Phillips.

After the reading of the letters by the Secretary, Mr. J. S. Lewis, Dr. Taylor spoke briefly, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. Arnett.

LETTER FROM WENDELL PHILLIPS.

MARCH 6, 1881.
MY DEAR SIR:—Your club bears the name of the greatest man New England has lent to the nation for the last fifty years. Whenever greatness is measured as it should be by a man's ability, his unselfish devotion to it to great objects, his success and in the spotless purity of his public and private life that claim will be conceded. I commend to the members of the club the words of the great French statesman, Turgot, which Summer loved to quote:

"Remember life is neither pain nor pleasure; it is serious business, to be entered upon with courage in the spirit of self-sacrifice."

Yours, respectfully,
WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE U. and O. M. B. BALL.

This much-talked-of ball ball came off at last on Thursday night of last week and proved quite enjoyable to those who participated. The officers of this society were once published, hence there is no need of repeating them. The music, by Professor Hamilton's orchestra was fully up to the standard, and the supper was under the supervision of Mr. Lloyd Johnson. Nearly one hundred young ladies and gentlemen were present and we must satisfy ourselves by describing a few only. Mr. Andrew Lewis, of Cumminsville, was noticeable on account of his tallness, and wore a magnificent suit representing Romeo. Mr. Thomas Johnson was

finely dressed as an exiled Prince. Miss Emma Cooper wore a handsome dress representing an Indian maiden. Messrs. Wm. Woodson and Charles Hawkins were dressed as Spanish Cavaliers. The Misses Ida Lovelock and Sarah Newman were school girl suits. The Indianapolis Leader was represented by Miss Nettie Johnson, who wore on each shoulder the word "Leader." Miss Katie Welland was appropriately dressed as a peasant girl. Miss Linnie Saunders wore a sailor suit, which matched well with her escort, Mr. Frank Kinney, who also wore a sailor suit. Mr. Joseph Kinney and Charles Schooley were minstrel suits. The Misses L. Young, Ida Brondie and Susie Johnson wore elegant mask dresses. Misses Early and Dodson, of Walnut Hills, were present and wore elegant costumes.

The dancing commenced about 10 o'clock and continued until about 1 a. m., when supper was served. Much fun and pleasure was to be had, and all joined in to make the masquerade the happiest event of the season. After quite a long and tiresome supper, dancing was resumed and kept up until day break.

The concert given at Union Chapel for the benefit of Major Hicks, was very poorly attended and enjoyed the very small number of people should be ashamed of this. Hicks is liable to lose his life for a crime which he may not have committed. He is poor, friendless and only eighteen years of age and has called upon Cincinnati people to help him; but the he has been helped.

The Y. L. and G. S. S. have been invited to render their cantatas in Louisville, in May. They are giving themselves a thoroughly drill and no doubt will do exceedingly well in May.

Zion Baptist Church gives a panoramic entertainment at Robinson's theatre next week. Let all attend.

The Anchor Club have not as yet visited Springfield, but they will sooner or later. BANQUET AND MASQUERADE SPLINTERS. The fellow who "blowed" the flute at the banquet Ben Harris blundered.

Dudley Clark is quite a musical genius, and also a poet. Mr. Clark speaks of publishing one of his original songs before long.

What young man was that who was dressed as a girl and held his head leaning toward his shoulder? \$5 reward.

Mr. A. J. Riggs made a boss speech at the banquet, and was frequently applauded during its delivery.

Henry Forte was present at the banquet and expressed himself as highly pleased and gratified with the festivities.

The gents of the U. and O. ought to learn how to conduct themselves at the supper table. At the masquerade the behavior of some was really disgraceful.

John Pernell and Jeff Myers were at the banquet and enjoyed themselves hugely.

The handomet man at the banquet was—well, we give it up.

Tom Johnson took the character of Exiled Prince. Certainly, we understood the prince part; but say, Tom, has she exiled you? Try her on figs.

COMMUNISMS. Where was Hack last week? Ah! we probably know his excuse in failing to show up. But what has become of Slim Sara? If Rip should fail to show up, the public would be made known of the fact that he had gone to the mountains, but as it is, he is still among you.

Mr. Andrew Lewis says the mask ball was grand. He is immense in parties and balls.

Mr. Freeman Murray is on the sick list; he has been unable to teach his school.

Two of the three big M's were at the masquerade.

Miss Hattie Lewis was again one of the guests at the Philippine party last week. Mr. Geo. O. Bannon was also there. Happy Charlie B. was there tummy as ever.

Mr. Charles Horner is immense in opera. Miss Georgia Davis is boss in love conversation.

Miss Carrie Lee plays on the piano exceedingly well.

Miss Julia Clark is a very sweet talker. Mr. Sutherland is in love.

Mr. Tom Minns attends Sunday-school very regular.

Mr. George Lewis is the best penman round.

Mr. Clay O. Bannon is a good secretary at the Sunday-school.

Springfield, Ohio.

RACE PREJUDICE.

"Progression" is the law of the Universe, and while this is the fact, it is also a fact that the law can be applied to Nations, and individuals, without distinction as to race, color or previous condition. Each Nation in its onward march seeks to utilize all means of advancement within its bounds, and when the supply seems to be exhausted, the boundary line is crossed, and any means outside known to be of any value, is brought in and made use of. Nations are composed of individuals, and each individual has an interest in the welfare of that Nation, and in proportion to the interest manifested individually, just in the same proportion the Nation advances; it is apparent then that an individual effort is the thing needful to bring about such results; within the bounds of each Nation may exist many races, and between these races a rivalry may spring up, each race desirous of becoming distinguished in the affairs of the Nation, seeks to improve every opportunity that is offered to them for advancement, and when opportunities are made in order to have such results come about. As each race advances in the race of life, the prejudices grow stronger between them, and often America to hatred in the extreme. American history teems with facts of this kind. America considers herself a Nation spelled with a big N, and yet within her boundaries exist many races, and between these races there exists a wonderful rivalry, the amounting as we have said, to hatred. The prejudice that exists between them is light in its nature, to some of the races, but to the race to which Jesus belongs, the prejudice

has been so strong that it has almost resulted in the race being overthrown, while to say that it has amounted to ostracism, would be putting it rather mild. But a better day is coming, and it is not possible when the dawn of a brighter Era to this race will be hailed with welcome and delight.

Two hundred and fifty years rolled back into eternity, banded with the prayers and petitions (of a trodden-down race, are not to be made light of, and they will eventually be answered, and as evidence of that fact, we now begin to see Ethiopia stretching forth her hand and clamoring for recognition. The 'fates' have decreed that her voice must be heard in the councils of the Nation, and notwithstanding the prejudice that exists toward them as a race, they must be triumphant. But in considering this matter of "race prejudice" we imagine we see, on careful examination, a far greater and deeper meaning than that expressed upon its face. While in the general acceptance of the term, we construe it as meaning a conflict between the races. We are, as a people, too swift to forget that certain prejudice exists among us, that prevents in a great measure our success, we condemn others for what we are ourselves guilty of. It is evident that a division of sympathy in the races, composing a Nation, works disastrously to the advancement of that Nation as a great people, so when applied to an individual race division in its ranks weakens it. This weakness is caused by the lack of individual effort for the benefit of the race. When we, as a people, begin to realize, as we should, that upon each individual effort depends the future of our race, and that by this means only the race, if elevated at all, must be done, then will we have arrived at that point where we will lay aside our own personal, selfish motives, and strive to encourage all efforts of that kind, knowing that as each victory is gained, individually, the way is made possible for a more complete victory generally. Ignorance and superstition are the worst enemies we have, and the worst enemies we have influenced our actions in a great measure, all things considered. Mental energy is the hope of the race, and if this is not encouraged our chances for respectful recognition are slim. But if encouraged, "race prejudice" will vanish as darkness before the light, and a respectful recognition will follow.

Report Rud(d) of the Sunday new(e). A long tailed coat of navy blue, he doctored it to a fault, 'twas not good. But one Saturday night the tall disappeared. Speculation was rife as to where 'twas gone, and whether it had been stolen or not. A council was held by Smith, Ryan and Walker, they engaged the services of Mosby the talker to find out what had happened to the coat. The tall of old times was never seen again. Mrs. Emma Todd an old and respected member of the Second Baptist Church departed this life, Saturday, March 12, and was buried from that church Monday, 14th, 2 p. m. A host of friends assembled to pay their respects to the deceased.

Bishop Henderson, the well known tonorial artist, has removed to the room formerly occupied by J. W. Burrell. He is now prepared to give more satisfaction to those who patronize him, and invites any and all to give him a call.

Harry, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Fry, is lying very sick at their home on Chestnut avenue.

Cleveland, Ohio, Items.

The entertainment given on the 10th by the A. M. E. Sunday School was quite a success. Whether a financial success or not, I do not know, but it surely ought to be, as there was a good attendance.

There are several quite prominent young men of our city who had better "come off." The readers will have to excuse the slang, but I will simply say that Church entertainments do not let out at 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning. A hint to the wise is sufficient.

The Excelsior Brass Band gives a vocal, instrumental and dramatic concert on the 13th of April in Turn Hall on Ohio street. It is unnecessary for me to tell you of the kind it gives. Their past success speaks for themselves.

It may be well for the public to know that the Excelsior Band receives no more honorary members, as those formerly h. m. of this band have been compelled to become full members. I. A. take notice.

The programme which the Mutual Elite Club was to present last Wednesday evening, was quite long and ought to have been good.

There are quite a number of entertainments, concerts and socials to come off on or near the first of April. Watch for the Excelsior's concert.

Mr. R. C. Jones at his store, corner Newton and Third, has a large supply with a Leader if you call for it.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Frank who recently returned from Chicago very sick with rheumatism is on the mend.

Mr. Beddeman of Blair street is doing likewise, mending.

Mrs. Sarah Campbell of Newton street is getting better. The rheumatism is a general complaint.

Mrs. J. Cicco of Garden street, entertained a number of her friends last Friday evening, at her residence.

Next issue of the Leader will contain, in all probability, an account of the social hop which was to have been given at Mr. Harvey Jackson's, on Sterling avenue.

Slim Sarah! All the rage.

A certain lady says, B. B. P. takes the (coo)kie.

The newly elected officers of the Excelsior band took charge of the several duties at the last meeting.

Mr. Jessie Roberts of Scoville avenue, was still quite sick when last heard from.

Mr. Buckner Simmons of Newton street, was also very sick when heard from.

Look out for the Excelsior's concert on the 13th of April.

The Red Cross Commandery's parlor entertainment on the 28th.

Join the Central Musical Association. Miss Corrella Simmons and Mrs. Laura Campbell have been visiting at Mantua.

The Mutual Elite Club, J. M. Bush musical director, gave a concert last Wednesday at Turn Hall.

Professor Justin Holland, whose time has left here for New Orleans, was expected back here by Professor A. J. Way, the guitarist, to take his place, as he (Prof. Way) is going to take a trip for his health. Professor Holland we all remember as being a splendid musician. He composed and arranged music for B. Brainerd & Sons, of this city, many years, also for John Church & Co., of Cincinnati, and other large firms in the East. He was to have been here this week whether he is here or not, now, I do not know, but if he is not he will be next week. Nox Nox.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Sermon by Rev. Robert Collyer on the Great Novelist.
(New York Tribune.)

It was sad news that flashed to us from London as we were ready to welcome Christmas, that George Eliot was dead. We had been fretting over a sad mistake which she made, to our thinking, and wondering what would come of it as the years swept on; and now death had solved the problem in a day. We had also said to each other that the fires of her genius were abating. "Deronda" and the essays are on the down grade. It needed but this stroke of death to show us what store we set on the least she could do for us, who had done so much. It might be like picking over a heap of millet seed, of one one of her own figures, searching for a pearl; but then we were sure of finding the pearl. Now the hand was still and cold that for many years had tossed treasures to us with such a splendid grace.

Concerning George Eliot, the last of a great line of writers, and among women, in my opinion, one of the greatest who have ever spoken to us in our mother tongue, I wish to note, first, her outward life as far as it can be traced it through the scant data we can lay our hands on; and then the inward life as we touch it in her great and wonderful books, which have ever drawn to us the woman's own heart. George Eliot was born and raised in the Midlands of England. Her father's portrait is drawn, no doubt, in "Middlemarch" and "The Mill on the Floss." Her mother seems to have passed away when she was a child, for I notice she says in a letter that she succeeded her sister as housekeeper when she was eleven years old. There was a near kinswoman living in Derbyshire near her who stands for the wonderful creation, Dinah Morris, the loveliest woman she has ever drawn. There was a house full of coopers, also carpenters, who stand for the originals of Adam Bede and his brother Seth. In those early years the maid's mind and heart were deeply touched by the thought of God and communion with Him in the spirit; but she was in no sense a Methodist. Her great, fine brain, like so many more, condemned the vaster, and after all, deeper faith of Calvinism, for girl as she was, she would not have the human will master the divine, and leave the helpless, even over her before her soul. Grim and dark as her conception of God was, to her heart He was still master of his own universe.

Her education was such as was given to girls of her own rank until she took the matter into her own hands and began to climb upward. She was a very homely girl to look at until you saw her eyes, clear and pure as Heaven, and the wonderful smile which would play about her mouth; until you heard the low, sweet voice, and took note of the noble head, with its wealth of auburn hair she had given to the world. Morris. So she looked to a friend of mine after she had gone to London and was working for Bookseller Chapman, quite unknown to me, and I said to her, "What a surprise and boundless bliss of Heaven; for only there could such a soul find its way."

Irish "Sweetness."

[London Society.]

The respect which the Irish have for their priests does not prevent them from enjoying a joke at their expense. I remember hearing of an instance of a poor girl going to a priest to ask him to unite her to the boy of her choice. The holy man demanded two sovereigns for the accommodation. The girl pleaded hard that she had not so much money, but he was inexorable; two sovereigns he must have.

She was leaving the house in the greatest despondency, when her eye lighted on the priest's cloak, hanging on a peg in the hall. A bright thought occurred to her quick Irish mind; she took it down and vanished. Half an hour later she returned with the money, accompanied by her beloved Pat. The priest was now all smiles, performed the service with great good will, and bestowed on the happy couple a hearty blessing; and as they left the church, Kathleen dropped a curtsy, thanked him for his kindness, and gave him the pawn-ticket that he might recover his cloak.

The convenient manner in which priests modify the penalties for offenses is exemplified in the following story: A poor man came to confession, and what he had to tell was that he had stolen a pig.

"Was it a good pig?" inquired the Parish priest.

"Egad, your reverence, it was an illigant cratur."

"Did it belong to a rich man or to a poor one?"

"O, a very rich man, your reverence. It is not of much consequence; he can afford to lose it. You need only say a few 'Ave Marias' and 'Paternosters' for a week."

"Thanks, your reverence, I'll do that."

"By the way, Pat," said the priest as he was going out, "whom did the pig belong to?"

"Belong to, did you say? Shure, didn't it belong to your reverence?"

I once asked a somewhat intelligent and very loquacious Irishman whether his countrymen were not thrifless.

"Very, sir," he replied; "it's because they're a lawless, lawless people, sir. They're above thinking of thrifless. Shure, isn't it a grand thing for a man when he's 'atin' his breakfast, not to know where he'll go for his dinner?"

Notes From Endymion.

Reaction is the law of life.

Everybody laughs at treatises.

Ministers do not love pretenders.

The unfortunate are always ecstasial.

The music of his voice lent melody to scorn.

Those who have known real grief seldom seem sad.

The failure of one man is the opportunity of another.

What all men should avoid is the shabby gentel.

What appear to be calamities are often the sources of fortune.

Moral courage is the rarest of qualities, and often maligned.

Desperation is sometimes as powerful an inspirer as genius.

Men with missions do not disappear till they have fulfilled them.

There is always a number of men who will support any government.

The sympathy of sorrow is stronger than the sympathy of prosperity.

Continental liberalism means the abolition of property and religion.

There are some silent people who are more interesting than the best talkers.

One should never think of death. One should think of life. That is real piety.

I would rather cherish affection than indulge grief, but every one must follow their mood.

He is not different or altogether incredulous, but he is so essentially practical that he can only deal with what he sees.

Great wealth is a great blessing to a man who knows what to do with it; and as for honors, they are inestimable to the honorable.